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THE NEW PATRIOTISM

A. EDWIN KEIGWIN



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THE NEW PATRIOTISM



The New Patriotism

An Interpretation

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To My Wife
Elizabeth Gray Keigwin

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INTRODUCTION

These messages, although dealing with questions of civil interest, are distinctly religious. Prepared, as they were, for delivery before a Christian audience, a certain atmosphere (as musicians and artists would say) will be necessary if they are to prove helpful. The theme is one of perennial interest. Through the centuries the sun-crowned summit of this idealism has been the consolation of many in the valley and the inspiration of those endeavoring the difficult ascent. The candid student can not escape the conclusion that these shining heights were ever before Jesus. The same may be said of His early followers. So literally did they "live and breathe and have their being" in a realm of idealism that they were regarded as mere dreamers. But we are coming to see, more and more clearly, how greatly the world is indebted to the dreamer for all progress and human

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well being. Dreams are the outstations upon the frontier of civilization.

A millennial era is no impractical hope—for Jesus was nothing if not practical. It was His matter-of-fact way which occasioned the severest stricture of His method and teaching. The purpose of these pages is to call attention to the practicability of Christ's program in certain instances where it has been clearly apprehended and honestly applied.

Naturally, there are inferences which follow. While I would not be dogmatic as to the signs of the times or the order of coming events, I may be permitted to contribute what follows to a discussion which has continued for *more* than two thousand years. In doing so, it is my earnest prayer that some reader may join the increasing company of those who eagerly look forward to the coming Kingdom.

A. EDWIN KEIGWIN.

THE WINE OF FRIENDSHIP

“And it shall come to pass in *that day*, that the mountains shall drop down new wine.”

—JOEL 3:18

“But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until *that day* when I drink it new with you in my Father’s Kingdom.”

—MATTHEW 26:29

THE WINE OF FRIENDSHIP

A Toast to "That Day"

Years are the wine press, Christ the vine,
The priceless nectar, mine and thine;
For ills of life a certain cure;
To deeply drink is to endure:
True friends shed heavenly light abroad
For they have found the heart of God.
Throughout the new age let us sup
The wine of friendship from the cup.

A. EDWIN KEIGWIN

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“Our citizenship is in heaven; from whence also we are eagerly looking for the Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ.”

—PHILIPPIANS 3:20

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About four thousand years ago, a man, called by Almighty God, when seventy-five years of age, set forth upon a long pilgrimage toward a divine ideal. He journeyed northward through Mesopotamia, southward through Syria and Canaan, westward into Egypt, eastward again into Canaan, and after knocking about Canaan for a considerable length of time he died in his one hundred and seventy-fifth year, without reaching his goal.

But, during his hundred years of pursuit he had so enthralled the fancy of his children and his children's children, that they conceived a wonderful love for Abraham and consecrated their lives to the pursuit of the same ideal. They banded themselves together by holy and solemn covenant to revere the memory of their father and to be loyal to the

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purpose that led him out of Ur of the Chaldees. We may think of this as the birth of patriotism. It is our purpose to enquire: how far has the world progressed in the footsteps of the pioneer; is the divine ideal any more clearly in sight?

It is pertinent to ask, first of all, what was this ideal? To Abraham it was "a country" that God would reveal to him; it was "a city that hath foundation, whose maker and builder is God." Perhaps the most perfect presentation of the goal is furnished by St. Paul, "our citizenship is in heaven." And what did Paul mean by this? Did he mean that the human race has been pursuing an ideal which is only to be attained and realized beyond the grave, in a delectable country which we call Heaven? Such a conception, as it seems to many, would be doing violence to the plan of God. This ideal citizenship was to be attained upon earth, in a kingdom of co-operation, confidence and brotherhood. When the apostle Paul says "our citizenship is in heaven," we must bear in mind the background of the utterance. The Philippian church was divided.

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In it there were Jewish Christians and Gentile Christians, each class loyal to its own forebears and national traditions. St. Paul is saying "If you are Christians, your patriotism should have a new birth, a larger vision. Patriotism should include Gentile and Jew." And he illustrates his thesis by a word of personal experience. He tells how contact with Christ has broadened his own vision.

"Though I might also have confidence in the flesh. If any other man thinketh that he hath whereof he might trust in the flesh, I more. Circumcised the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, a Hebrew of the Hebrews; as touching the law, a Pharisee; concerning zeal, persecuting the church; touching the righteousness which is in the law blameless. But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

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“Our citizenship is in heaven.” Here then, we have set before us the divine ideal for society, to-wit:—heavenly mindedness, co-operation, confidence, brotherhood,—a world empire that shall include all nations.

Now it could be easily shown, from available historic material, that starting with the early vision of Abraham, patriotism, in its very essence, has evinced a vitality which rebels against limitation. Its tendency is to burst out and reach after larger thought, more inclusive idealism.

We can trace a certain sequence in the development of the idea of patriotism, throughout the centuries. With the early Jews it was the love of their father—family patriotism. Then came feudalism when, for mutual protection of property, nearby families were united under the strongest family. Soon there emerges a larger conception. Patriotism becomes love for a city. In pagan times all that passed for patriotism was love for one’s city. Apparently no one had a comprehensive love which could embrace a whole land. Men were Spartans

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or Athenians or Corinthians. Under the spur of dire necessity cities would unite, in a semblance of national devotion, against a foreign foe. But the union was short-lived and not vital. Throughout the Middle Ages, petty provinces and free cities engaged in endless strife. Witness, the War of the Roses, and the Thirty Years War in Germany. Following feudalism, came loyalty to a king—another stage in the development of patriotism. These phases of growth are clearly discernible, although the exact period of transition is more or less blurred.

The first appearance of nationalism was in France, when the people united to free their country of foreign rulers. Joan of Arc may be said to have evoked the first real enthusiasm for a nation. But cruelly abandoned by those she had served so well, she died at the stake, and the warm glow of national enthusiasm was extinguished.

The prevailing ideal of patriotism did not emerge until the French Revolution. In that bloody event, loyalty to ruler gave place to a brand new passion. There appeared for the first time a spontaneous

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enthusiasm, marking a new epoch in human history. It was in all respects an outburst from the bosom of a people. It was the discovery of springs of energy and devotion which men knew not they possessed. It was the awakening of a larger, richer self. The new patriotism swept over the world like an epidemic. The political doctors endeavored to stay it, but it continued to break out in new and unexpected places. Since then, the world has been a different world.

To-day, we are about to witness still another new birth of patriotism. This sublime sentiment, a thing of life, is reaching up toward heaven, far above all mean, low, selfish and narrow things. Having caught its earliest inspiration from heaven, it is not satisfied until it finds its full bloom and fragrance in the heart of Jesus. A new patriotism is coming into view, loyalty to humanity—the flag of the world. A new empire is being born—the world empire of confidence, co-operation and brotherhood.

That the last stage in the development of patriotism has been reached, is evident to anyone who reads at all.

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Have you seen that splendid article by President Butler, of Columbia, entitled "The United States of Europe"? His conception of this new patriotism is a new spirit binding together all the nations of Europe. If a United States of Europe, why not a United States of the World, I ask? That we have entered upon the last stage of development is also indicated by the recent widely-read article of Ex-President Eliot, of Harvard, in which he prophesies a day when we are to merge our loyalty to a native land into a larger loyalty to humanity. "There can, indeed, be no security for future peace in Europe until every European nation recognizes the fact that there is to be no such thing in the world as one dominating nation—no such thing as world-empire for any single nation—Great Britain, Germany, Russia, Japan or China. . . . There can be no secure peace in Europe until a federation of the European States is established, capable of making public contracts intended to be kept, and backed by an overwhelming international force subject to the orders of an international tribunal."

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Our hearts are about to break across the frontier of every nation and we are to know each other better; co-operation, sympathy and brotherhood binding all together in a new empire.

And, I would also call your attention to the new patriotism reflected in President Wilson's Thanksgiving proclamation. The heart of our President is bursting with this new love, this larger, nobler patriotism. These are his words:—"Never before have the people of the United States been so situated for their own advantage or the advantage of their neighbors, or so equipped to serve themselves and mankind."

There are many movements which are manifestations of the spirit of this generation. Hearts are yearning for a larger expression and a richer hope. Witness, Sir Baden Powell's wonderful, inspiring Boy Scout movement. The boys of all nations are being trained to believe that they must dedicate their lives, not to one country alone, but to humanity. Such illustrations could be multiplied "ad infinitum."

Jesus is very happy in his selec-

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tion of figures of speech. The Kingdom is likened to a mustard seed, the smallest of all seeds, but when it is grown, a vast tree; it is like leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened. The thought is, great expansion—development. Evidently the idea of patriotism, as conceived by Jesus, is in perfect harmony with history. Patriotism has been growing, growing, throughout all the centuries. It is soon to burst forth in a glorious bloom.

Some one has said “the only hope for democracy is more democracy.” To paraphrase this remark we may add, the only hope for patriotism is more patriotism. The deplorable results of so-called nationalism are due to checking the vital forces within the seed of patriotism. After four thousand, or more years of planting and cultivating a germinal idea, it is little short of amazing that so many wish to retard the harvest. The heart of man is reaching out for a larger expression of idealism. The hope of the world is conditioned upon taking the next step.

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A few years ago a Russian peasant, who thought he was serving the larger patriotism, cast a bomb at Alexander. After throwing the deadly missile and seeing its terrible effect, the peasant's heart burst the bounds of hatred and he ran forward and threw his arms around Alexander and said, "My brother!" In the heart of that poor peasant, blinded by his own idea of patriotism, there was a larger patriotism, a truer love, a vaster and grander thought seeking to express itself. He felt in a moment and entirely without reasoning, that he had blundered on the way toward the goal. The trenches of Europe are filled with men like that peasant. They are fighting each other to-day, only because they have been brought up to believe that patriotism is love for France, for England, for Russia, for a crowned-head; but while they are in the trenches, and as they look upon the dead of an alien land, their hearts speak as did the heart of the poor Russian peasant. This is the reason we are reading so many touching incidents from the scene of conflict.

The heart of the world is knocking

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against the barriers of old ideas, saying "Let me out, let me out, let me out!" Is it not time to consign to the junk heap an idea of patriotism so at variance with the sentiment of the world? Let us take the next step,—into an empire that shall include the whole earth, whose laws shall be laws of brotherhood.

In conclusion, let me impress a vital thought. There is a soul to patriotism, disclosed by the words of Paul, "Our citizenship is in heaven, and we are waiting with longing expectation for the Lord, Jesus Christ." The soul of patriotism is the religion of Jesus. Do you know of any religion in the world, except Christianity, that is not a religion for a race, a particular nation and people? The Christian religion differs from all other religions in that it is world-wide, it is international.

This accounts for the far flung reach of Apostolic Christianity. It was a world religion from the first. As soon as Saul of Tarsus was converted, he recognized the limitations of Judaism and the international possibilities of Christianity. It was this vision which made him the

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great missionary. With enlarged heart, he broke through the barriers of Hebrew prejudice and went forth to disciple all nations.

Was there ever a time when one could discern the vitality of the religion of Jesus so clearly as just now? The world is moving up to the standards planted long ago. But, let it never be forgotten that Christ is the beacon light of this newer, larger idealism. Without Christ the new patriotism will be a failure, though we federate the whole world.

In the palmy days of Greece a particular kind of race was popular. All the contestants bore burning torches. The successful runner who crossed the goal line with his torch out lost his victory. He might be the first in point of running ability, but he must not only run; he must keep his torch aglow to the finish. May it not be quite possible that this torch-race was in Paul's mind when he said "Forgetting the things that are behind and reaching out unto the goal that is ahead, I would run the race with patience, looking unto Jesus, the author and the finisher of our faith." He is bent

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on not merely crossing the line to victory; he is thinking of the light. We may federate the interests of the world in a vast empire for commerce, safety, peace, brotherhood,—but, if we cross that line with the torch out, it will be defeat. Think of the many victories of civilization which have been utter defeat, because the torch went out.

THE GREAT DISCOVERY

“Glory to God in the highest; and on earth
Peace to men of good will.”

—LUKE 2:14

THE GREAT DISCOVERY

The long-expected Messiah had come, bringing with him the first Christmas.

Across the southern horizon of the Arabian desert, there emerged a weary camel. He stopped and uttered a cry, or moan, the camel's way of appealing for rest. The rider aroused himself as from a dream, looked about and drew a deep breath of satisfaction. "At last, at last." He crossed his hands upon his breast and bowed his head in prayer. Then, commanding his dromedary to kneel, he stepped upon the sand.

He was an Egyptian about forty-five years of age. His beard was black, though streaked with white. His face was brown and parched. His head was crowned by a red cloth winding. He was clad in flowing garments. He was unarmed, a thing unusual among those who travel in a land infested with brigands and wild beasts. His eyes were fixed and dreamy, giving the impression

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of one who is being led by an unseen hand. He eagerly scanned the horizon; then spoke: "They will come. He that led me is leading them."

Presently, a dark speck appeared to the east, on the edge of the desert. The Egyptian stood rooted to the ground; his eyes dilated; his flesh crept chilly, as if touched by something supernatural. The speck grew, became large as a hand; at length there swung into view a second camel, tall and white. The Egyptian crossed his hands upon his breast and looking up to heaven, his eyes overrunning with tears of joy, he said, "God only is great. God only is good." The camel drew near, stopped, knelt, and a second man stepped upon the desert sand.

He was a Hindu. He too was unarmed. "Peace be with thee" was the salutation of the Hindu. "And to thee, O brother of true faith," replied the Egyptian. Then they embraced each other in true Oriental fashion.

Ere the strangers had completed the elaborate greetings required by the etiquette of the Orient, a third camel came,

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rolling like a ship of the desert, out of the north. "God only is great," exclaimed the Egyptian and the Hindu simultaneously.

The newcomer was a Greek. Unlike the travelers from the south and east, his frame was slighter; his complexion white; a mass of waving light hair crowned a beautifully moulded head. He was clad in a tunic, which he handled with unconscious grace. He too was unarmed.

There were salutations. Then the Greek spoke: "I was the last to come so let me be the first to speak. My home is by the sea. One night I sat at my door wondering at the hatred and bloodshed among men, and I said a day is coming when all people shall dwell together in peace. Suddenly, I saw a star slowly rise out of the sea below me and a voice within me said, 'Gasper, thy faith hath conquered! Arise, follow the star and with thy brethren of other lands greet the Prince of Peace.'"

Then spoke the Hindu. "My leading was like thine, my brother. One night as I walked beside a lonely lake, I said

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within me, 'Since God is love and all men are children of God, love is the bond which at last will bind all men together.' Then suddenly I saw a star glow tremulously out on the water and a voice within me said, 'Thy love hath conquered. Blessed art thou, O Melchar! Follow the star and with thy brethren of other lands greet the Prince of Peace.' "

Then the Egyptian told his story. "Grieving greatly at the sufferings and wrongs which hatred wrought on every hand, I said within myself: 'Surely God will come and deliver. But while He tarries I must do what I can to minister relief.' And one night as I journeyed down the Nile on an errand of mercy, I saw a wondrous star rise out of the water and I heard a voice say, 'Blessed art thou, Belthasar. Thy good works have conquered. Follow the star. With two others from the remoteness of the world, thou shalt greet the Savior who has come.' "

General Lew Wallace has probably given us the true atmosphere and the most perfect conception of the first Christmas. Christmas is the greatest

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discovery of the centuries. It was a world discovery. "Peace on earth to men of good will." Not peace by means of coercion; not peace secured at the point of the bayonet; but, peace secured by good will. This great discovery was simultaneously made by men of different race, tradition and religion.

If tradition is to be trusted, Egypt, India, Greece and Judea united in celebrating the epoch-making disclosure. Peace by means of good will. How simple; how logical.

Long and earnestly had God endeavored to make known the secret, but men were not in a receptive frame of mind. "Eyes had they, but they saw not; ears had they, but they heard not, neither did they understand." We owe the great discovery, not to the *genius* of the wise men and the shepherds, but to their *discernment*. Discovery is not originality. Every discoverer, not blinded by egotism, understands perfectly well that he is only thinking God's thoughts after Him. Copernicus discovered the solar system, but the system had been there from the time the first morning

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stars sang together. Newton discovered the law of gravity; but the universe was held together by those invisible cords from the beginning of time. Electricity is the discovery of yesterday; but it has ever been the vital fluid of the universe. Psychology is one of the newest of all the sciences; but God knew and utilized the laws of psychology centuries before he broke through the crust in Saul of Tarsus and awakened the man within the man—the subliminal self—St. Paul, the Apostle. We are surrounded by facts and forces which wait to do the bidding of the man who will put himself into such harmonious relations with the unseen that he is able to share the mind and purpose of the Infinite.

Thus, when the Magi discovered the springs of true and lasting peace in hearts of good will they had only come upon the lost river which John beheld in a vision, proceeding from the throne of God and flowing out into all the earth, upon the banks of which were luxuriant trees of life whose leaves were for the healing of the nations. Just a question

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in passing: Does the river flow by your door?

It is amazing how long the really great discoveries remain unused; usually upon the ground that they are not practical. For years the Patent office at Washington declined to consider all flying machine applications. The authorities took the ground that anyone making such an application was a crank. They contended that the navigation of the air in a contrivance heavier than air was unthinkable. Flying machines were classed with perpetual motion machines. One day along come the Wright Brothers, who think they see great possibilities in plans which have been pigeonholed for twelve years. They build a machine, and embark for the first aerial voyage; literally taking their lives in their hands. The world looks on in consternation. The knowing ones shake their heads and remark, "All the fools are not dead." When, lo! it works—the trip is safely made. Down goes the curtain upon the first act in a new epoch of human achievement, while the world breaks forth into wildest applause.

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The great discovery of the eastern wise men has had a similar history. Peace by good will? It won't work, said Caesar and Herod. It is the impractical dream of a Galilean carpenter, said the Pharisee. So the world tucked the discovery away in a pigeonhole. But one day the statesmen of two great nations put their heads and hearts together and said, "Let us try it. Let us see if it will work." So Great Britain and America signed a treaty of good will at Ghent, agreeing to disarm and settle all further disputes before the high court of reason. One hundred years have passed since then, and the discovery has worked like a charm. With no fortifications or soldiers upon either side of the international boundary, we have been protected solely by good will.

We are here this morning to celebrate one hundred years of peace by means of good will. The first suggestion of a celebration was made by Hon. W. L. King, the Canadian Minister of Labor at the Harvard University commencement of 1909. At that time it was thought a monument should be erected

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upon the international frontier at Niagara. The matter was subsequently discussed at the Mohonk Peace Conference of 1910 and a special committee was appointed with the President of the United States as chairman.

In November, 1911, Mayor Gaynor, of New York, at the request of the National committee, named a committee of arrangements composed of 136 men to prepare for the celebration. Then came the shock of the European war. Whether the movement has collapsed, I know not. One item in the proposed program, however, should not be forgotten. Elihu Root, Ex-Secretary of State, made the suggestion that all human activities, so far as possible, should absolutely cease for a given five minutes, on February 15, 1915—the exact anniversary of the ratification by England and America of the treaty of good will signed at Ghent. This would afford opportunity for the 150,000,000 English-speaking people throughout the world to engage in meditations of international good will, and silent prayer that this peace may be lasting and soon include

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within its scope all the nations of the earth. It is to be sincerely hoped that this plan may not miscarry. Imagine the impression which would be made when, at a given moment, every mill would shut down, every operator stand in silence, every train, trolley, bus, auto, ship and pedestrian stop. Think of mothers at home and sons at the front, mistress in the parlor and maids in the kitchen standing in absolute silence for full five minutes in meditations of good will. I wonder, would there be any connection between such a scene and the vision of John: "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

I think the world is coming to feel with deep certainty that peace is only to be found in the direction of good will. The experiments tried by Great Britain and America, and by Argentine and Chili, have not gone unnoticed. Many things seem to indicate this; as, for example, the international exchange of university professors, the New Thought movement and the great multiplication of peace societies. The Bethlehem star is in the ascendent. From every quarter of the

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globe, from every walk in life, they come, their hearts aglow with the vision "Peace on earth to men of good will." Strangers and enemies once, our faith is that of Belthasar: "They will come; they will come; the hand that leads us is leading them."

Standing thus, upon the Arabian desert, our eyes aglow with a great vision, our minds purged by a great world sorrow, we must all feel that the word for the hour is this—Reconciliation. Reconciliation between nation and nation. You must have heard the heart call in that open letter which recently appeared in the daily press. Mme. Thoumiam, wife of a Turkish Parliament member, requested the women of every nation, who could do so, to join her, on Christmas eve, between the opposing trenches to sing such songs as "Hark! the herald angels sing" and "Silent night! Holy night!" It would not be the first time reconciliation has been attempted by song. One of the few beautiful memories of our Civil War is the night when the bands on both sides of the Rappahannock played "Home sweet

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home." Tears flowed together and hearts were melted into one, as memory and longing moved about, unchallenged by guard, among those who should never have been aught but brethren.

Reconciliation between family and family. Oh, how many ties of kinship have been severed, for no other reason than this; the defenses of "good will" were broken down. An interesting legend has come down to us out of the dim and shadowy past. It professes to account for the location of the temple at Jerusalem. Many, many years ago, two brothers had adjoining farms. The dividing line which crossed Mt. Moriah was frequently the occasion of dispute. At harvest time each brother gathered his sheaves in a stack as far from the line as possible. Each brother feared the other would lay claim to what did not belong to him. One night a new spirit entered the heart of one of the brothers. He said to himself, "My brother has a large family; I have none. It will be a struggle for him to pull through this year; the seasons have been against us and the crops are poor. I will take some

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of my sheaves and add them to my brother's stack." And his heart swelled with gladness as he thought of his brother's surprise. The same night, the other brother became conscious of a new spirit stirring within him. Turning to his wife, he said, "I am sorry for my brother. He has no wife to comfort him and no children to brighten his life. His interest is centered in his crops, and now these have failed. It is a dreadful blow to him. I wonder if we could not spare a few sheaves." So it happened that at midnight each brother started for the other's field with heart overflowing with love and arms full of sheaves. They staggered forth into the night. Meeting upon the boundary line, they dropped their loads and threw their arms about each other and wept. And thus, when a temple was erected to Almighty God, it was located upon the spot where brotherly affection brought peace and joy.

Reconciliation between man and God. If we can not get on with each other, how can it be otherwise than that there will be estrangement from God. "He that loveth not his brother whom he

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hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" The springs of all life's rivers of blessing are to be found in the heart of God. Reconciliation with God is the first lesson of Christmas. "God was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself."

"God was in Christ reconciling the world to His *presence* in the world." No one has any objection to God, if He will but stay where He belongs—in heaven. There are those who do not want Him meddling in human affairs. "God was in Christ reconciling the world to His *program*. God's program follows the normal processes of nature. Man's program usually works backward. The world is too busy to follow God's program of prevention, so we wear out our souls in the discouraging labor of recovery. We neglect moral education to become specialists in evangelization. We quench the first signs of regeneration in the youthful heart and toil to our utmost for the reformation of misspent lives. We deliberately set about to destroy good will, then enthusiastically fight to preserve the peace. John B. Gough

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once said that "Christian people reminded him of a group of generously disposed people below the rapids, pulling out a drowning man here and there, when they are being pushed in by the thousands above the falls." We must become reconciled to God's program if the world is ever to be saved.

Throughout the centuries, hatred, suspicion and greed have proved an utter failure as world builders. On the other hand, Christianity has vindicated its claims whenever and wherever applied. Have the wise men of this generation had the vision of the wise men from the East? Heaven grant that henceforth nations and individuals may follow the star and apply the great discovery—"Peace on earth to men of good will."

**THE FOUNDATION OF THE NEW
ORDER**

“And the foundations of the wall of the city
were garnished with all manner of precious stones
—the twelfth, an amethyst.”

REVELATION 21:20

THE FOUNDATION OF THE NEW ORDER—AMETHYST

“And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain and showed me that great city, the Holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God.

“Having the glory of God. And her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal.

“And the city lieth foursquare, and the length is as large as the breadth; and he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal.

“And he measured the wall thereof, an hundred and forty cubits, according to the measure of a man, that is of the angel.

“And the building of the wall of it was of jasper, and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass.

“And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of

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precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolyte; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst."

Do we grasp the stupendous magnitude of this imagery? Let us modernize and visualize the description. Here is portrayed a city 1500 miles in length, 1500 miles in width, 1500 miles in height. "The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal." Let down in America, the holy city would extend from uttermost Maine on the north to uttermost Florida on the south, and from the Atlantic ocean to Colorado. The city located in the old world would include Great Britain, Ireland, France, Spain, Germany, Austria, Prussia, European Turkey and half of European Russia, taken together. Stupendous; inconceivable; absurd. A city of such magnitude staggers the imagination and invites scoffing.

Yet, this is the city for which Abraham

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looked; "The city which hath foundation whose builder and maker is God." This is the city of which the saints of old dreamed. "God hath prepared for them a city." It was this city which Jesus probably had in mind when, on the eve of separation, he said to his disconsolate disciples "I go to prepare a place for you." "We have here the bridal city of God."

Is this the wild dream of a disordered brain, the hyperbole of an overwrought enthusiast? Not at all. We are looking upon a divine revelation, so wonderful, so glorious, the half cannot be told because of human limitations. Language breaks down. The imagination is bankrupt. John has caught a glimpse of human society as it is to be erected upon earth, after God has finished his recreative work upon rebellious human nature. The chapter is a work of art. That the fullest measure of the glory which he has beheld may be made known, the artist has chosen as his pigments those things which men and women prize most highly; those rare things for which they toil and sacrifice and contend and die—gold and

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gems. It is oriental symbolism at its best, but the gorgeous imagery stands for reality.

Study this wall. Wealth to prodigality. Jewels in profusion. Nor are these jewels chosen at random, but with due regard for the sentiment which long centuries have attached thereto. Every stone has its own significance and message. Even the order in which they are arranged reveals forethought and design. The wall of jasper signifies holiness. The foundation of the wall, reading downward: jasper, holiness; sapphire, truth; chalcedony, hope; emerald, immortality; sardonyx, love; chrysolite, gladness of heart; beryl, eternal youth; topaz, fidelity; chrysoprasus, health; jacinth, modesty. Jewels as rare and costly as the virtues which they symbolize. The wall of holiness, which is to be the defense of the city wherein dwelleth righteousness, will rest upon human attributes, now rare, whose resplendent beauty will forever dazzle the eye, and secure to the inhabitants eternal immunity from every enemy who would destroy prosperity, peace and tranquillity.

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Observe please, that upon the amethyst rests all the other gems in the foundation wall of the holy city—"the *twelfth*, amethyst." What sentiment is embodied in this precious stone? From earliest times the amethyst has symbolized self-control. Long years before the New Testament alluded to this stone, the Persians used amethyst cups; it being their belief that one could drink liquor from such a chalice without suffering intoxication or contracting a habit.

You see we have come upon a teaching as unmistakable as it is timely, namely: the whole defense of ideal social conditions must rest upon self-control. Regardless of the school of literary criticism to which one belongs; whatever one's views may be as to the nature of that inspiration under which John writes; whatever one's interpretation of the teaching of this much discussed book of the Revelation, we find ourselves in fullest accord with the statement that self-control is the gem-stone upon which the walls of an enduring civilization rest. Indeed, the fact is so obvious as to need almost no comment.

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That time-honored book of wisdom (Prov. 25:28) applies the thought to each life in these words: "He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down and without walls." The identical figure of speech applied to the individual life. "A city without walls." And we need not look far to find abundant illustration of the too-often overlooked fact that the jeweled walls which protect pure souls from the inroads of the enemy stand or fall in proportion as the amethyst is present or wanting. "The twelfth, amethyst." How many, many men and women we have known whose souls dwelt within walls as glorious as those seen by John. Resplendent characters they were. Many rare graces made their lives beautiful and apparently secure—love, beauty, happiness, purity, hope, wealth, culture. We had thought their citadel impregnable. But, in an unsuspecting moment, the entire structure of life collapsed. They became "a city, broken down and without walls." The twelfth jewel, the amethyst, was lacking.

More and more the world is coming to realize this. Shrewd lawyers delib-

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erately attack the amethyst in the wall of the opposing attorney's argument and the witnesses' testimony. Let calmness give place to anger and down goes the case. Other jewels may flash forth from the foundation; a righteous cause, familiarity with the law, rare oratorical ability, but there *must* be, beneath it all a genuine self-control—"the twelfth, amethyst."

Many portions of scripture might be drawn upon to illustrate and emphasize these thoughts. Could a more ideal condition of life be conceived than that represented in the Garden of Eden? A perfect world, sinless individuals, abundance everywhere and peace between man and beast. But the wall of the Garden fell when Adam and Eve lost their self-control. Separated from all discussion, whether allegory or history, this is the teaching of the story of the fall.

What we observe as true in individual life, John pictures as true to a more marked degree in collective life. Society is a multiplication of units. We never tire of pointing to the gems in the foundation of our Republic,—freedom, per-

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sonal liberty, the rule of the people, equality of heritage and opportunity. Yes! Yes! We would not mar the luster of a single precious jewel, for the possession of which our fathers labored and died. The flash of light from their many facets is seen from the darkest corners of the earth. Nevertheless, these gems should rest upon the amethyst. Why our much-prized constitution? Why the zeal for law and order? Every instrument of government is an effort to supply strength and stability to an otherwise weak, though beautiful structure, by carefully setting control in its divinely appointed place.

We resent the imputation, "A republic is only an experiment." But upon sober reflection, how utterly useless to gainsay the assertion, in the light of history and observation. A republic *is* an experiment. Why? For the reason that so much reliance has been placed upon legal props as substitute for the genuine jewel—self-control. We would not belittle the law—if we may not have the real gem we must have the artificial. There must be compulsory control where

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there is no self-control. Personal liberty is a misnomer in the nature of things. Liberty is never personal, nor can it be. Liberty is personal only in so far as it is harmoniously related with other persons. And that dividing line is so fine as to be negligible, for where my personality ceases to touch another human personality it begins to touch the personality of God. There is no part of the wall of a true republic which does not rest upon control, of one kind or another. We must continue to be controlled by law until the holy city, as seen by John, is realized; until all men shall have learned to control themselves through the regulative forces of a divine life. Then "love will be the fulfilling of the law."

May we not regard those words of Jesus, "I am not come to destroy the law but to fulfill," as pointing the divine finger to the amethyst, the twelfth in the walls of the divine order of human society? We are dreaming strange dreams of ideal social conditions, these days. Let us not overlook the fact that self-control is the precious jewel upon which

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the entire structure is to rest. "What is the best government," asks Goethe. "That which teaches us to govern ourselves."

Passing now to a yet more important observation, we must look to God to supply this amethystine foundation stone. This thought loomed large before John's inspired mind. He saw the holy city, this new order of society, "descending out of heaven from God." It was not gotten up as reforms, or worked up as popular opinion, or built up as world powers. You see, the plan is quite original. Self-control descends, and with it many other virtues.

The calm verdict of History accords with this view. Listen to the testimony of the distinguished Burke: "To establish a government is easy. It is only for one to command and another to obey. To give freedom is easy. It is only to relax control and let men do as they please. But, to establish a free government is the most difficult achievement of the human reason. This can only be effected by great masses of the people who have learned habitual self-control through the

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regulative forces of a genuine Christianity.”

Such a conclusion is logical as well as Scriptural. What is self-control, if not the impartation of the Divine nature—sovereignty, by which perverse human nature is brought into subjection. Whatever of weakness or wrong there is in the present social order may be traced to our loss of the Divine image. Every day we see this more clearly.

What unspeakable hope there is in the consciousness that God is interested in the builders—that He is co-operating. Under our very eyes, the walls of a new order are rising. Every now and again we see His hand very clear. Long, long ago He laid the cornerstone in the person and work of that sublime Man of Galilee. Starting at this point, one may easily follow the amethyst foundation through the various activities of life and epochs of history. At first the work progressed very slowly indeed. But, during the past fifty years, the development of the plan has proceeded with great rapidity, in national assemblies, courts, schools and society in general.

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It is the amethyst which we see in the changing attitude of law. Not revenge, but recovery is increasingly the spirit manifested toward the wrongdoer. This is in line with the cornerstone. "The Son of Man is not come to destroy but to save." There are hundreds of men, like Judge Lindsay, who are groping about after a saner method of dealing with those jewel virtues which have collapsed for lack of foundation.

In the lifting of social service to a higher plane than amelioration of human woe, there is trace of the amethyst. The new humanitarian would not only supply relief, but restore capacity to those who are "A city that is broken down and without walls."

The ever increasing Peace talk is another indication that God is letting down a new civilization, founded upon self-control. Even where war is waged, upon both sides it is conceded that it is war for peace. War, then, is but a symptom of convalescence. The world is weary of a civilization which is founded upon selfishness and hatred. We would be done with it forever. Excavations

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are made before foundations are laid. Possibly war is the great steam shovel. Let us hope it is no more.

In the realm of education there are many signs that God is at work laying deep and broad the foundation of self-control. For some time past the Higher Criticism has been at work blasting at the walls of learning. There has been born a new passion for things that abide. Curriculum and precedent have alike given way before the consuming enthusiasm for an unselfish manhood and womanhood. Under the transforming touch of a new idealism, our young people are going forth from the classroom with eyes and heart aflame for service to humanity.

Considering society as a whole, the great European war notwithstanding, there is abundant evidence that new attention is being given to the amethyst foundation. This age has recognized its own image in the parable of Jesus: "Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: And it fell:

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And great was the fall of it." The much vaunted walls of civilization have fallen because they rested upon selfishness. On every hand the heart of mankind is "believing unto righteousness," and with mouth and pen "confession is being made unto salvation."

And what shall one say of that greatest of all signs of returning social sanity—the temperance movement. If there were no other, in this world movement we cannot fail to see that a new social order is coming down from God out of heaven. Alexander the Great conquered the world, but liquor conquered him. He became "a city broken down without walls," because the amethyst foundation was lacking. Very evidently it is the purpose of the great nations to rebuild fallen men. "Touch not, taste not, handle not" has been taken out of the inspired book to be incorporated in labor contract, and military and naval order. With one stroke of the pen, the Czar has liberated 130,000,000 people from bondage to vodka. Think of a nation literally wiping out a traffic which netted \$500,000,000 a year, solely because

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it would be in the interest of self-control. With such tangible evidences upon every hand one need not be a prophet to say that a new era is dawning.

Upon one occasion, an ambassador was sent from Epirus to inspect Sparta. Now Sparta, next to Athens, was the most powerful and important city of Greece, but the secret of her greatness was obscure. In art and intellectual culture she was inferior to many of the Greek states. In conservatism, discipline, simplicity of character and strong religious scruples lay her chief claim to eminence. The ambassador was surprised to find, not a city after the pattern of Athens, but a cluster of open villages in a plain. The houses stood in spacious gardens, and there were no walls or fortifications. The visitor remarked upon the absence of protecting walls. Lycurgus, the commander, assured his guest that in due time he would be shown the walls of Sparta. So, during the night the army was assembled and at daybreak Lycurgus conducted the ambassador to an advantageous position and pointing to the solid ranks on every side, he said

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“Behold the walls of Sparta! And every man is a brick!”

Possibly this is the night season, when God is marshaling the real defenses of society. As the morning breaks, He may rouse the nations from their slumber and, pointing to the men and women of real poise and self-control, he may surprise the skeptical with the words “Behold the walls of an abiding civilization! And every man is a jewel.”

In such an event what, think you, will be the foundation upon which the resplendent jeweled walls will rest? Upon “the twelfth—an amethyst.”

“If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait, and not be tired of waiting,
Or being lied about don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise.

If you can dream and not make dreams your
master;

If you can think and not make thoughts your
aim,

If you can meet with triumph and disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same,

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If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life for broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out
tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after you are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them "Hold on";

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common
touch

If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And what is more—you'll be a Man, my son."
KIPLING

THE SEA OF GLASS

“And before the throne was a sea of glass. And them that had gotten the victory over the beast stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God. And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb.”

—REVELATION 4:6 AND 15:2

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The mind never wearies of dwelling upon the marvelous imagery of this work of divine art—the Revelation of St. John. There is some difference of opinion as to interpretation and historic significance. But, most of the commentators agree that the passage before us has reference to events immediately preceding the second coming of Jesus and the dawn of the millennium. It is very important that we get clearly before us the details of the picture in terms of to-day.

Men have been planting vineyards of wickedness, and the vines have now brought forth their fruit. Upon these vines are clusters of selfishness, cruelty, jealousy, hatred. John hears a voice out of the throne; “Thrust in the sickle for the grapes are ready to be gathered.” So the angel thrusts in his sickle and taking the clusters of man’s fornication and wickedness, casts them into a great wine press out of which pours a stream of

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blood, reaching even unto the horses' bridles. Seven golden bowls are filled with the blood. Each bowl is held by an angel clad in white, who awaits a command. Again a voice is heard in heaven, "Pour out the bowls." The first angel pours out his bowl upon the earth and there is famine, pestilence, war, suffering and bloodshed; the second angel pours out his bowl upon the sea and there are great naval engagements, the sea being so clotted with blood that everything living therein is destroyed; the third angel pours out his bowl upon the fountains and the springs become blood—the springs of youth, poetry, philosophy, education and religion; and the fourth angel pours out his bowl upon the sun, (in the book of the Revelation the sun indicates political power) and those who are in political power are scorched with fire; the fifth angel pours out his bowl upon the seat of the beast (the seat of the beast is Babylon, the emblem of trade) and commercialism runs to blood; the sixth angel pours out his golden bowl upon the river Euphrates (dividing the Occident and the Orient) and the river

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is dried up and all the nations of the earth come together in a great battle, the battle of Armageddon; and the seventh angel pours out his golden bowl upon the air, and the air rains missiles, and men are so distressed that they blaspheme God.

But in the midst of the picture, John sees a throne, and above the throne a rainbow, and upon the throne is Christ, clad in garments of light and power. Before the throne is a sea of glass (tranquillity) and beside the sea stand those who have been delivered from the beast of hate and selfishness, and they have the harps of God in their hands; and they are singing the song of Moses and of the Lamb, "Thou art worthy to receive power and dominion and glory, for Thou wast, and art, and evermore shall be." Such is the picture of the world, on the eve of the millennium.

Now you notice in this picture there is but one redeeming feature, humanly speaking, the sea of glass before the throne, and the company with harps in their hands. Notwithstanding the thunder and lightning proceeding out of the

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throne, and the pouring out of the bowls of retribution, there is one place where quietness and peace reign. The sea is like unto glass, it is so smooth. Like unto crystal, it reflects beauty and glory.

The teaching of the passage seems reasonably clear. Those who have their eyes upon Christ's throne can be perfectly tranquil, even exultant, in the midst of thunder and lightning,—hail and bloodshed. We need to meditate upon this picture, for I fear we are forgetting certain important elements of Christianity. The effect of religion, as some good people think, is to make one doleful. Obviously, such were not the views of the one who painted this word picture. Heine, whose monument on the East Side was recently unveiled, said this: "Religion is a worship of sorrow." Mr. Heine was a great poet and a great philosopher. He inherited some of his ability from devout Jewish ancestors and some from scholarly German forebears. But Mr. Heine was neither devout nor scientific when he said, "Religion is a worship of sorrow," for it

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is nothing of the sort. The primary purpose of religion is to make one tranquil in the midst of tumult; to put a harp in one's hand, when everything is going wrong. Read the Beatitudes. How many times I have heard people say "Blessed are they that suffer, blessed are they that mourn." Jesus didn't say so. He did not put a premium on suffering. What do the Beatitudes say? "Blessed (the word means happy) are they that mourn for they shall be comforted." It is not happy are they that mourn, but happy are they that can find comfort; and that is religion. And how did He conclude these Beatitudes; after saying "Blessed are the poor, and blessed are the hungry and the meek?" Listen! "Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward."

The sea of glass pictures the state of mind of hundreds of people who, with horrors of war and social unrest on every hand, have their eyes upon the throne of Christ. They are saying, "Isn't it great; isn't it great! It is the beginning of the end of suspicion and hatred." Tranquil, and even exultant they are in the midst

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of horror, as they tune their harps of praise. "Before the throne was a sea of glass."

Lest it seem to some that I have overdrawn the interpretation, let me suggest that you turn to the Bible and study the effect of religion upon men of old. Did ever man suffer more than Job? But he had perfect tranquillity, despite boils and poverty, the death of his children, and the loss of flocks and herds. Job breaks into a song of gladness when his friends offer him cold and cheerless worldly comfort, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and though after my flesh, worms shall destroy my body (his boils were full of worms) yet with my eyes I shall see God." That is the effect of religion upon a man who gets the right kind. He stands beside a sea of glass. And you remember Paul and Silas, when thrust into a dungeon, took up their harps and sang praise to God. Such is the effect of religion.

Or recall the story of Jehoshaphat. When he was surrounded by the Ammonites and they were about to destroy him, God said, "You need not worry

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about this. The battle is not yours; it is God's. You will not have to fight." And Jehoshaphat, the next day, sent forth a great chorus to meet the enemy, with songs of praise to God upon their lips. The Ammonites were amazed. It was a new kind of warfare. They said, "We have no weapons for such warfare." So they fled precipitately.

I do not know to what extent this is a picture of your life. I do not know what particular suffering may have come to you as a result of the world war. But let me say this, with all the authority of God behind it, if you have the right kind of religion, if you have been drinking deep of the wells of salvation, your heart and your mind will be like a sea of glass, because you know it is coming out all right.

We cannot turn from our study without a word as to the ground for this quietness. I believe in mental suggestion and thought control. But it is splendid to feel good solid ground beneath one's effort to preserve an unruffled mind. Look at the picture. What was in the center? A throne. What was above the

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throne? A rainbow. On the throne? Jesus Christ in all His glory. The reason this company could stand exultant in the midst of blood, lightning and thunder, was because they were looking at the throne upon which Jesus is seated. Also, they were thinking of the power of that throne in the past. They recalled the divine sovereignty behind Moses and his rod. And there is more in that story of Moses than appears at first sight. You remember Moses cast the rod upon the ground and it became a serpent; and it remained a serpent so long as it was out of his hand. But, the moment Moses took the rod again into his hand, it became the sceptre of authority and blessing to the children of Israel. It was this fact which the song of Moses celebrated beside the sea of glass—the song commemorating the return of the sceptre to the hand of the rightful ruler.

The trouble with the world to-day is this: the sceptre of Christ's sovereignty is out of His hand; therefore is sovereignty a serpent. So long as sovereignty is in your hand or in the hand of any earthly power, just that long will the sceptre

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continue to be a serpent, and it will eat up all the smaller serpents until there is but one big serpent. Oh, may Jesus reach down and take the serpent by the tail, for then will our rods become the insignia of beneficent authority, and the means of deliverance for all people. With their eyes upon the throne "they sang the song of Moses the servant of God and the song of the Lamb."

Very recently another disastrous landslide occurred in the Culebra cut of the Panama canal. Think of the disappointment, after spending such a vast amount of money, to have these slides recur with such frequency. It is most disquieting. One would expect Colonel Goethals and those associated with him to give up the job as a failure. But, what did the newspapers report? When the news of the landslide was brought to the Panama Commission in Washington, the members were entirely unmoved and said they were glad that it had occurred, because the sooner the loose earth comes away, the better. They did not say, "It is a failure. We have wasted our money." They did not say that; why? There is a

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vision which has been their inspiration from the earliest inception of that gigantic undertaking; and that vision enabled them to be perfectly tranquil, even exultant, in the presence of setback.

My friends, there has been a vast landslide in civilization; a mighty big slip. Who would have thought that European diplomacy and culture could slip so disastrously. That these great countries, in this enlightened generation, have dammed up the channel of international prosperity and good will is enough to stagger faith and discourage Christian propaganda. But shall we join in the lament; "Civilization is a failure. We might have known such an ideal program would not succeed." Nay! Nay! We too have a vision. We see the King upon the throne. Therefore, like the Panama Commission, let us say "The slip does not distress us in the least. Selfishness, the loose earth, had to come away. It had to be; the sooner the better."

Oh, King all glorious, lift thy people, this morning, out of the mire and place them in the choir. "And before the

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throne was a sea of glass, and they that had been delivered from the power of the beast stood beside the sea with the harps of God in their hands.”

ANTICHRIST

“Ye have heard that antichrist shall come,
even now there are many antichrists.”

—I JOHN 2:18

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“Ye have heard that antichrist cometh; even now have there arisen many antichrists. These words occur in what is known as a general epistle. That is to say, the letter was not written to any particular church. It is an open letter, a circular letter, to all the churches of Asia, and for all churches for all time. John reminds the church of a warning well known to the early Christians: “Ye have heard.” When and how had the Christians of that early day heard about antichrist? The answer is found in this very significant fact; that under the Old and New Testament dispensation alike, God’s people were apprised of the presence of an antagonist who would continually dog the footsteps of Christ. The earliest prophecy of the coming of Jesus was darkened by the announcement that a serpent would bruise His heel, and throughout the various epochs of human

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history the people of God had recognized the presence of a rival spirit.

For every good and pious Abel there was a jealous and murderous Cain; for every holy order of Moses and Aaron, working divine miracles, there was an association of false prophets—Janes and Jambres—practicing black arts; for every holy city, Jerusalem, there was a wicked city, Babylon; for every loving John, there was a tyrant, Herod; for every Christian martyr, there was a cruel, bloodthirsty Nero. Throughout the whole stretch of human endeavor upward there has been an influence pulling downward. And, as the drama of the world's redemption approaches the concluding scene, we are informed that this subtle personage will be more clearly revealed as "the man of sin," all antichristian endeavor being concentrated in one majestic personality, the embodiment of the hatred and the cruelty of the past; the composite reincarnation of Cain, the false prophet, the persecutor Nero, and the age-long antagonism against Jesus, the Christ. Such is the Bible picture of antichrist, who is to be utterly

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destroyed by the breath from Christ's mouth.

Who is this antichrist, this supreme personality, this wonderful and potent spirit? The early Christians confidently affirmed that Antiochus Ephiphanes was antichrist. Later the Roman papacy were thought to be antichrist. By an interesting coincidence the Roman Catholic church regarded Protestantism the antichrist. Then Mohammedanism was proclaimed the antichrist.

But John tells us that antichrist was present in his own day; "even now are there many antichrists." The Roman Catholic church can not qualify, inasmuch as this church did not exist at the time John wrote. The same may be said of Protestantism and Mohammedanism. Few students can fail to recognize the presence of antichrist in the man and the institutions to which allusion has been made. With humiliation one must confess that antichrist walks the pages of the noblest history and masquerades in the garments of the holiest cause.

We have yet to answer the question: Who is antichrist? A study of the word

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itself reveals this interesting fact: Antichrist is sometimes masculine and sometimes neuter. Antichrist is not necessarily a man. Now he is a person; then it is a nation; again it is a movement, a subtle influence. Speaking comprehensively, antichrist is essentially the caricature of Jesus. He is a rival of Christ. He is a counterfeit of the Savior of the world.

How, then, are we to recognize him when he appears? That is easy. In every great city is a "rogues' gallery." There is not a criminal of any note whose photograph is not there. When detectives would apprehend a criminal they carefully study the pictures in the rogues' gallery. The Bible is the finest kind of rogues' gallery. One cannot conceive of a foe to the cause of righteousness whose photograph is not there to be found. A wonderful feature about the Bible rogues' gallery is this: Not only are we given the physical appearance, measurements and finger-prints, but, what is even more important, a photograph of the mind, soul and spirit.

Now let us look at one picture of antichrist. Back here in the book of Daniel

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we have it: "And the king shall do according to his will; and he shall exalt himself, and magnify himself above every god, and shall speak marvelous things against the God of gods, and shall prosper till the indignation is accomplished. Neither shall he regard the God of his fathers nor the desire of women, nor regard any god; for he shall magnify himself above all. But in his estate shall he honor the God of force: and a God whom his fathers knew not shall he honor with gold and silver and with precious stones and pleasant things. Thus shall he do in the strongholds, and he shall cause them to rule over many and shall divide the land for a price."

By the help of such photographs one may quite readily recognize the presence of Antichrist, appearing not in one but in very many countries—in books, magazines, newspaper editorials and events. For example, here are a few quotations from standard publications:

"The peace spirit is bald materialism, but the war spirit is the highest moral and spiritual idealism. You ask what of the Christian law of love? It applies solely between individuals

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(of the same state). The idea that the weak have the same right as the strong is subversive of human development. War and courage have done more great things than charity." . . . "Man should be trained for war, and women for the recreation of warriors. All else is folly. The super-man will be scornful, merciless and supremely fit." . . . "Christianity is mostly responsible for the deterioration of the human race. It has made humanity worse, not better. It is the most dangerous of all religions. It has waged a deadly war against the highest type of man." . . . It makes the strong and efficient man its typical outcast. It has taken the part of the weak and low. . . . Sympathy consists merely of the strong man giving up some of his strength to the weak man. This is a depressant. One loses by sympathizing. If proof of this is needed, consider the case of the Nazarene, whose sympathies for his fellowmen brought him to the cross.

"All that elevates the sense of power, the will to power, and power itself is good. Bad is all that proceeds from weakness. The weak and defective must go to the wall, and we must help them go." . . . "Wickedness is man's best strength. The greatest wickedness is necessary to the best of the over-man. It might be good for the preacher of little people that he suffered and bore the sins of man. But I rejoice in the great sins as my great consolation." . . . "There are only three respects in which the masses—the herd—appear to me to deserve a glance:—First as blurred copies of great men executed on bad paper and from worn-out plates; secondly, as opposites

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to the great; and lastly, as instruments of the great; for the rest let them go to the Devil and to Statistics.”*

And here we contrast the published Beatitudes of antichrist with those of Jesus:

(“Blessed are the poor of spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.) Blessed are the fierce and proud in spirit, for theirs are the kingdoms of earth.

(Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.) Blessed are the successful, that shout and laugh, for they shall need no comfort.

(Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.) Blessed are the dominant, for they shall subdue the earth.

(Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.) Blessed are they that hunger for power, place, glory, conquest, and ride rough-shod over righteousness, for they shall find success.

(Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.) Blessed are they of “Blood and iron,” the ruthless and the cruel, for they shall obtain praise and possessions. For what good is mercy?

(Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.) Blessed are the warmakers, for they

* Bernhardt and Treitschke.

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shall be called the children of Odin, who is greater than the soft God of love.

(Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.) Blessed are they that persecute, kill, and destroy for their nation's sake, for theirs is the rule on earth."

If the spirit and teaching of Jesus is summarized in the words "righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," I ask you of whom are such words as the foregoing the photograph? Few can read such philosophy without feeling that they have been wading through a sewer. One is inclined to agree with a prominent statesman who has pronounced these words "The literature of the devil"; and with another who says of such philosophy, "It is organized insanity." The latter diagnosis must be very near the truth, inasmuch as the most prominent exponent of this gospel of brute force actually went crazy and died in a madhouse.

Certainly, "might regardless of right" is antichristian. There is here no semblance of masquerading. Is this the antichrist which was to appear in the last time? I wonder. Be that as it may, the

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marvel is how any considerable number of people can bring themselves to espouse such absurd teaching.

In a recent book the popularity of antichrist is accounted for upon the ground that his philosophy makes a strong appeal to the super-man. "Let me remind you that in human life as a whole there are elements and forces, there are motives and ideals, which defy the analysis of reason—mysterious and dark forces. And in war this element tends to assert itself. It assumes forms that sometimes are dazzling in their beauty; sometimes are wrapped in a kind of transcendental wonder; sometimes, in appearance at least, are simply utilitarian, or chimerical, or fantastic. But all alike have this quality of defying reason, of eluding the grasp of the mind when exercised in formal judgment merely. It is easy, for example, to demonstrate that the glory of battle is an illusion; but by the same argument you can demonstrate that all glory and life itself is an illusion and a mockery. Nevertheless men still live and go on pursuing that illusion and that mockery."

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The argument is based on the fact that militarism transcends reason. A man may reason—never so hard, but the spirit of militarism makes an appeal so great that he jumps over reason. Well, the same is true of the spirit of Christ. If you want an appeal that transcends reason, reflect upon the effect of the vision of Jesus upon Saul of Tarsus. There was an appeal that transcended reason! Can the annals of warfare present a more notable example?

Again, this author argues, that men follow antichrist because he makes a powerful appeal to the heart. This he illustrates by the brass band compelling the peaceful citizens to keep step with martial airs. True, what man of red blood has not experienced such thrills. But, does not Christ's program of conquest make an equal appeal to the heart? Think of the Progressive convention, where even the reporters who were sent to ridicule were so swept by the spirit of altruism, that they described the meeting as an old-fashioned revival. Appeal to the heart of man? The antichrist can furnish no parallel to Pentecost, where all

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international line fences went down before the flood of a great heart appeal.

To further account for the appeal of the antichrist, it is argued that militarism inspires to noble deeds. Here the champion of militarism paints a picture that has few equals in literature: "As an illustration of what I mean by that which stands above reason, let me speak to you for a moment of that incident in the Antarctic zone, which but a few weeks ago was absorbing the imagination of every man and woman. Let me speak to you of Captain Scott and his heroic band. . . . Imagine to yourselves that vast, that shapeless desolation that reigns there forever around the austral pole, league on frost-bound league, Death's appanage, untainted by any life eternally, not a motion except the wild rage of the tempest or the silent fall of ice-flakes through the windless air. . . . Why have they come hither—these Englishmen? What is the madness that has drawn them from their secure homes in Devonshire or Suffolk, Ireland or the Welsh border, to die thus agonizing here? That is the question which, by not too daring a metaphor,

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the Southern Cross might ask as through that long night, she looks down upon the English dead extended there in frozen rigidity unmoving. To what possible end have they come here? Assuredly for no mere utilitarian end. The lure that has led them to their glory and their rest is Reason indeed, the increase of Knowledge, but something higher also. . . . In that courage you have something *spiritual, mysterious*. . . . Here, surely, we have a kind of heroism which it would daunt the courage of any pacifist, of any doctrinaire, to explain by the profit and loss theory or to analyze by the ordinary processes of reason at all.”*

Far be it from me to discount such heroism. One tingles with admiration as one reads. But for every such example of military heroism we might present a hundred examples of Christian heroism. I wonder if the author ever heard of Livingston? Did he ever hear of Moffett? Has he read the life of Morrison? Has he ever heard of Marcus Whitman, the hero of our great Northwest? These

*J. A. Cramb.

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men, from contact with Jesus Christ, braved every conceivable hardship and privation and finally presented to the world, not tightly locked gates of ice but wide-open doors of commerce and good will. Has the author, who defends the antichrist on the ground that he inspires to noble deeds, ever read missionary history? If so, he has certainly blundered into the trap of his own logic.

Likewise, we are told that militarism makes red blood and courage. Courage on the battlefield is cited as proof, but what of the courage of Christian martyrs? Is there nothing to be said of the courage of men and women who have died alone, without cheering comrades, inspiring band music, and world balconies filled with eager spectators to applaud their valor? Is there no place in the honor roll for those who have stood absolutely alone for an unpopular cause? Listen! Do you not hear the roar of the enraged and hungry lions and the cruel laughter of the spectators as the martyr falls in the arena? Red blood? Well, if this is not courage, what is?

It is time we realize that the anti-

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christ is a mere copyist. A prominent educator has put the case thus: "What we need is a *moral equivalent* for war." Let us be done with the imitation and espouse the real. The more superior courage, is that marshaled for the great moral conflicts of the world.

There are those who confidently tell us that antichrist will shortly appear in the person of a mighty king, president, czar, or emperor. He will rule the earth with a rod of iron and all nations will pay him tribute. Possibly so, but what is far more certain, Christ will ere long ascend the throne of a kingdom reaching from the "river to the ends of the earth." He will not force His way to the throne; He will be welcomed; all earthly rulers casting their crowns before Him with the words, "Thou only are worthy." Lest we forget this outstanding expectation of the ages, may pride give place to humility, and hatred to sympathy, as the inspired words of Mr. Kipling become the prayer of every heart before me:

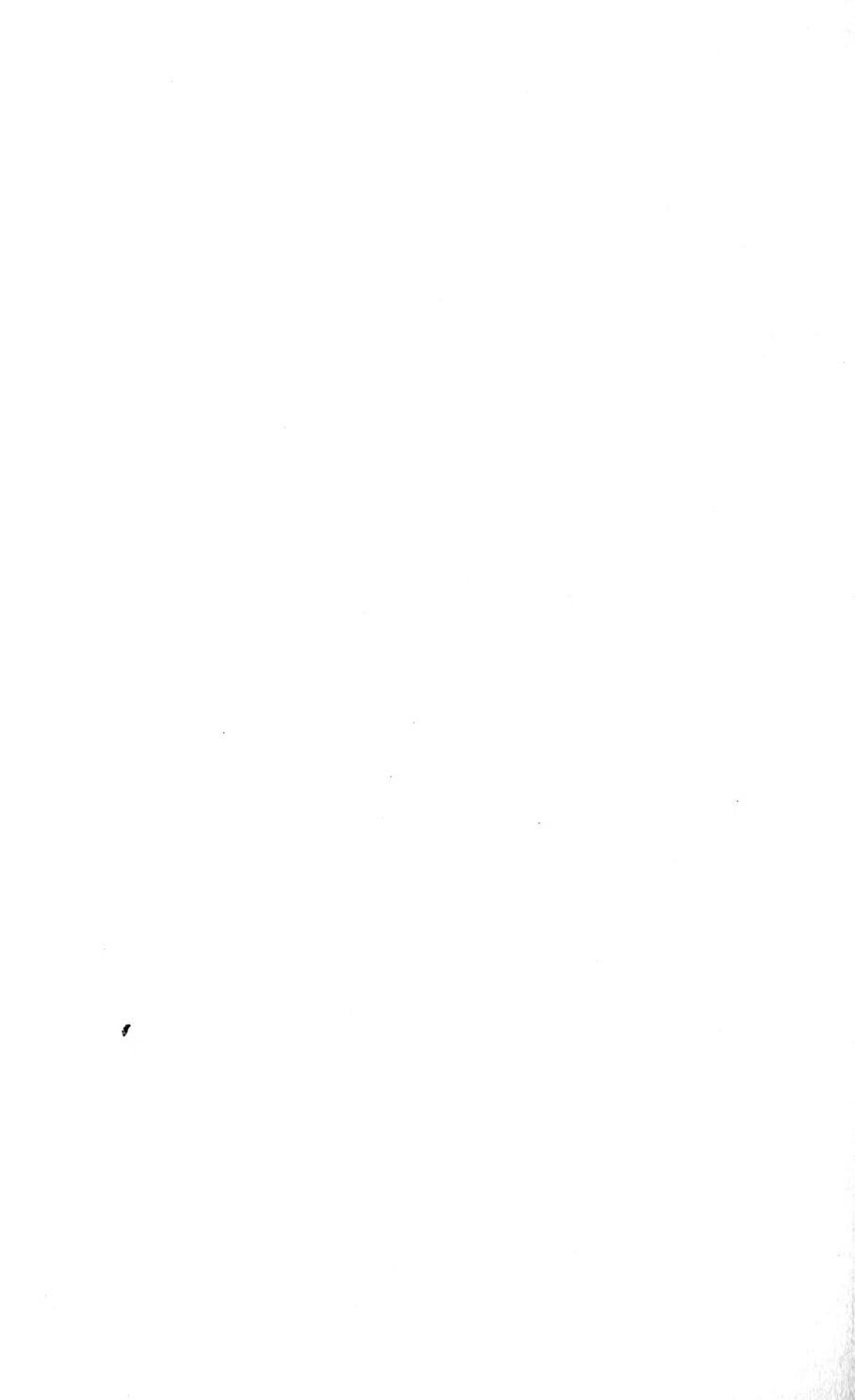
God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,

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Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine,—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captain and the kings depart;
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!



THE LYING SPIRIT

“And there came forth a spirit, and stood before the Lord, and said, I will persuade him. And the Lord said unto him, Wherewith? And he said, I will go forth, and I will be a lying spirit in the mouth of his prophets.”

—I KINGS 22:21, 22

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A war correspondent tells this, among other interesting and pathetic incidents which he has authenticated. In the dusk of early morning, after a battle near the little town of Blamont, a wounded Frenchman from Montmartre discovered a Luxembourger lying within a yard of him, whom he had known as a messenger in a big Paris hotel. The instantaneous recollection brought tears into the eyes of both men. "It is stupid—this war," said the German with broken words and weakened voice. "You and I were happy when we were good friends in Paris. Why should we have been made to fight each other?" Seeing that life was fast ebbing away, the Frenchman placed his own water bottle to the parched lips of his friend and replied: "There will be no war on the other side." The German died with his arms around the neck of the soldier who told the

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story to the correspondent, unashamed of his own tears. The question which this dying man asked his old friend is the question the world is asking to-day: "Why is it?" Let us seek some explanation.

In the story of the lying spirit a plausible answer is suggested. Ahab was the warlord of his day and the great Jehoshaphat was a God-fearing king. Ahab proposes to Jehoshaphat that they jointly go up to Ramoth-gilead and give battle to Benhadad, king of Damascus. Overawed and somewhat flattered by the proposal, Jehoshaphat is inclined to accept the invitation. But his caution leads him to say, "First, I must know the will of Almighty God." Accordingly a conference is convened in the plaza before the great gate of Samaria. Four hundred prophets assemble. The two kings are seated upon thrones placed on either side of the gate, arrayed in royal robes. The question is propounded to the prophets: "Shall we go up to fight, or shall we forbear?" A vote is taken. The verdict is unanimous. "Yes, God says go." One of the prophets, Zedekiah,

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came forward and presented to Ahab a pair of iron horns, saying "With these thou shalt push the Assyrians until thou utterly destroy them." But the God-fearing king was not convinced. A unanimous verdict is dangerous. When everybody agrees, look out. For, if we read the history of the world, it is in difference of opinion that God usually speaks. So, king Jehoshaphat inquires: "Is there no other prophet in Samaria?" "Well," says Ahab, "there is one, but I hate him because he prophecies evil." The absent prophet is summoned. The question is propounded to him. "Shall we go and fight against Ramoth-gilead or shall we forbear?" Micaiah answers: "Go and prosper; for the Lord shall deliver it into the hand of the king." But detecting insincerity, the king says, "How many times shall I adjure thee that thou tell me nothing but that which is true in the name of the Lord?" Then the minority speaks out:

"And he said, Hear thou therefore the word of the Lord: I saw the Lord sitting on his throne, and all the host of heaven standing by him on his right hand and on his left.

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“And the Lord said, Who shall persuade Ahab that he may go up and fall at Ramoth-gilead? And one said on this manner, and another said on that manner.

“And there came forth a spirit and stood before the Lord, and said, I will persuade him.

“And the Lord said unto him, Wherewith? And he said, I will go forth, and I will be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets. And he said, Thou shall persuade him, and prevail also; go forth and do so.

“Now therefore, behold, the Lord hath put a lying spirit in the mouth of all these thy prophets, and the Lord hath spoken evil concerning thee.”

Then Zedekiah, leader of the four hundred prophets, who had voted for war, smote Micaiah upon the cheek, and the king cast him into prison and commanded, “Feed him on bread and water until I get back from Samaria.” Thus Ahab and Jehoshaphat went up to Ramoth-gilead. And the king of Israel said unto Jehoshaphat, “I will disguise myself, and enter into the battle; but you put on your robes.” And Scripture describes how a certain man drew a bow at a venture and smote king Ahab and he fell and the armies were routed with a tremendous loss.

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Thus history discloses a secret for the present generation. The vile treachery of the human heart is uncloaked. Lying spirits have been influencing prophets in every era and misguided mortals continue to go forth to foreordained defeat.

Let us now reflect upon three lies which just now stand forth in all their enormity. The lying spirit is working right here in America, disseminating falsehood.

“The way to prepare for peace is to prepare for war.” A specious lie, yet the nations of the world have believed it true. Thus it has come about that Germany claims she is fighting for the peace of Europe; and England, France and Russia also declare they are fighting for the peace of Europe. They have all been arming themselves for purposes of peace. They have loaded down their overburdened people with taxes to the point of crushing, with a single objective in view—peace. They have believed the lying spirit. A very ancient proverb is “Sow a thought, reap an act; sow an act, reap a habit; sow a habit, reap a character; sow a character, reap a destiny.” This sum-

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mary of life philosophy has stood the test of time. All the world knows now, if never before, that stressing war is not conducive to peace. What an expensive line of insurance this is—and it don't insure.

Hear the confession of the eminent British statesman, Lord James Brice. We find it, over his own signature, in a letter dated Sept. 17, 1914, to Dr. Eliot of Harvard, his intimate friend for more than forty years:

“Most persons in this country, including all those who work for peace, agree with you in deploring the vast armaments which European States have been piling up, and will hope with you that after this war they may be reduced—and safely reduced—to slender dimensions. Their existence is a constant menace to peace. They foster that spirit of militarism which has brought these horrors on the world; for they create in the great countries of the continent a large and powerful military and naval caste which lives for war, talks and writes incessantly of war, and glorifies war as a thing good in itself.

It is (as you say) to the peoples that we must henceforth look to safeguard international concord. They bear the miseries of war, they ought to have the power to arrest the action of those who are hurrying them into it.”

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And let no American, from his arm chair of complacency, imagine that only Europe has been thus deceived by the lying spirit. England expends about four hundred millions and the United States about three hundred millions per year, in times of peace. Did you ever ask: "What is done with the taxes collected from *me*?" Will it surprise you to learn that out of every dollar the United States Government collects, sixty-five cents goes for war and its accessories, and only thirty-five cents for legitimate (in lieu of a better term) national development? These are startling but accredited figures. We have come by them on this wise:

Never, until very recently, has any real effort been made to carefully examine the Expenditure Budget of the United States Government. In December, 1911, President Taft appointed an Economy and Efficiency Commission to look into the matter. It was a group of experienced men, such as Dr. Frank J. Goodnow, the one-time financial adviser of the Chinese Government, now President of Johns Hopkins University. After many months of accurate and painstaking

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ing study, the Commission presented a classified report of Government expenditures. Under "Military Expenditures" it was revealed that, including yearly obligations incurred by past wars and preparation for future wars, the Government is spending sixty-three cents out of every dollar received. While for that enormous bit of American "extravagance," the Panama Canal, three cents of every dollar is spent; five cents of every dollar for improving rivers and harbors; four cents of every dollar for agriculture and forestry.

In view of the ease with which political orators arouse popular protest against extravagant "pork barrel" and "big ditch" expenditures, one wonders that so little protest has been heard in the past against militarism, greatest of all extravagances. But a *solitary* nation *dare not* economize in this particular. True, so much more loudly should we cry out that the protest may be heard throughout the world.

With the fidelity of a camera, a cartoon in a Western paper depicts this nation's attitude of mind. Uncle Sam is seated on

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the wall of a toy fort, in his right hand is a toy gun, in his left hand a string on the end of which is a little toy ship. His countenance is wrinkled and worried as he sighs, "Oh, dear! I do hope nobody will come along and lick me to-day." Does not this fairly represent all the nations? Are not our forts and battleships mere toys? Do not fortifications topple with the ease of a card house? At least it has been proved that by arming to the teeth the nations have not secured the world against war.

Another lie is "Peace programs do not succeed." But, they have worked where sincerely tried. We have the honor of having been party to the first disarmament treaty ever signed. It has proved an eminent success. In the year 1815 Mr. Monroe, then Secretary of State, negotiated with Great Britain a treaty of peace, in which it was mutually agreed that there should be no fortifications or soldiers upon the boundary line between the Dominion of Canada and the United States. The treaty was signed. The nations smiled and shook their heads. There is not to be found a defense of

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any kind along 3,000 miles of international boundary. Many have been the questions, vexatious and intricate, involving the honor of America and Great Britain, any one of which might easily have plunged the nations into bloody war. Nevertheless, during one hundred years peace and good feeling have prevailed. If one hundred years, why not one thousand? If between United States and Great Britain, why not between all nations?

The individual who goes armed is apt to get into trouble. This is equally true of the nation. When Great Britain and the United States agreed to lay down their arms they took out the cheapest and most reliable form of insurance policy.

We are now being told "Christianity is a failure." This too is the voice of the lying spirit. This is the most superlative lie. Pray, when was Christianity tried? It has never been tried. We have talked about trying it. We have written and preached about trying it. Christianity has never been fairly tried out by the nations. The military man, the commercial genius, the scholar and the reformer have all had a chance at world

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building, and failed. Why not give the Prince of Peace an equal chance to vindicate His claim.

On the eve of hostilities, that great commoner, Henry Clay, set clearly before the North and South the position in which they stood. His words were statesmanlike and clear. "If you are determined not to use the Gospel method of settling our present disputes, then let us have more soldiers. I am not in favor of sitting down between two chairs." The issue to-day could not be put more tersely. Shall we listen to the lying spirit or are we ready to place ourselves under the influence of the Holy Spirit?

A few years ago it was my good fortune to spend July 4th in London. Imagine the surprise and thrill as, lifting my eyes, I saw upon the flagstaff of the Parliament buildings, not the British flag, but Old Glory. The stars and stripes, on the British Parliament buildings—on July 4th! I was thunderstruck. Carried away by enthusiasm I called to my friends: "Look! Look! Christianity has conquered! Here in London they are celebrating the victory of Yorktown.

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That is splendid!" Then someone corrected me. "No, they are celebrating the glory of the tie that binds." Christianity a failure? Christian friends, wake up! Wake up! What the spirit of Almighty God can do for Great Britain and the United States of America it can do for the world. If Christianity can weld together *two* great nations so that discord, hatred and strife give place to friendliness, fellowship and cooperation, why not all the nations that profess to be Christian?

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church was in session in a western city. Suddenly there was a hush, as all business was suddenly arrested. A gentleman had handed the moderator a bit of brown paper. He read it, and then rising brought down his gavel with a resounding bang. "Will the Assembly please come to order? I have just received this message from a similar gathering across the sea. Gentlemen, pay attention." And the message was this:

To the General Assembly in the United States
of America:

Fathers and Brethren:—"Make Jesus King."

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You should have seen the effect of that message—coming out of infinite space—coming from the hearts of brethren on the other side and entering the hearts of brethren on this side! The effect was electrical. The Assembly broke into tumultuous applause, so prolonged that the moderator with difficulty brought the body to order. Then from a remote corner of the great convention hall came the strains of Zeuner's missionary chant. From lip to lip and heart to heart it passed until the entire Assembly was swept by a sea of praise as they sang:

“Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run
His Kingdom stretch from shore to shore
'Til moons shall wax and wane no more.”

Will any one venture to dispute that some such scene will be witnessed in national assemblages when there flashes across sea and border the message “Make Jesus King”?

**THE UNFINISHED TASK OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN**

“Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bondman nor freeman: but Christ is all, and in all.”

COLOSSIANS 3:11

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The closing hours of the Republican convention had arrived. Having been named for the United States Senate, Mr. Lincoln arose in all his gauntness and towering grandeur and began to speak.

“Gentlemen of the Convention: If we could first know where we are, and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do and how to do it. In my opinion, a house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe that this Government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other.”

These few sentences give us the measure of Abraham Lincoln and the measure of his vision. Clearly perceiving the

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inevitable ruin in which selfish views of State rights would involve the country, he dedicated his superb powers of heart and mind to a view of patriotism large enough to include all States and all races. It was a remote prospect. Nevertheless, with utmost constancy he kept clearly before the people his vision and purpose. Often did time-serving politicians seek to dissuade him and turn him from the goal.

The evening of his memorable debate at Freeport (August 27, 1858) he announced that on the morrow he would throw down a challenge to Mr. Douglas and force him to declare himself upon this subject of State rights. He was counseled not to do so, it being foreseen that Douglas would make but one answer, and that answer would win him a senatorship. But Mr. Lincoln replied, "I am after much larger game. The battle of two years hence is worth a hundred battles like the present one." He believed that the very declaration which would win a senatorship for Douglas would bar his way to the presidency. And it did, for it hopelessly divided the

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Democratic party. It is not likely that Mr. Lincoln expected to be elected President two years later. But, he expected to make the issue of the succeeding campaign the issue announced in his "House divided against itself" speech at the Springfield convention.

Then came the Civil War with its high water mark at Gettysburg. When the flood of affliction subsided, behold Abraham Lincoln again calling the people of the country to the standard which he had upraised. In the words of the Gettysburg speech we see again his vision. "It is for us, the living, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of loyalty; that the nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom." "The house divided against itself" was still uppermost in his vision.

Fifty-one years have passed since the martyred President called the American

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people to that dedication, and it would seem we are as far from the goal as we were in '61. The questions of personal liberty and State rights are as vexed and embarrassing as they were in those days. Business is in a tangle; the sanctity of marriage is in a tangle; because, after all these years, we are still a "house divided against itself." Behold our fair State of New York in the recent wrangle with the Federal Government over Niagara Falls.

The task to which Mr. Lincoln dedicated his life remains unfinished. The issues of the Civil War remain undecided. I appeal to your heart; I call upon you, as American citizens, to awake out of sleep, and see to it that the Nation, conceived in liberty, shall indeed have, under God, a new birth of freedom, and that the "government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

In this connection, let me present for your consideration the inspiring vision of our task completed, "Where there cannot be Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond-

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man nor freeman; but Christ is all, and in all." (Col. 3:11.) It is remarkable, how much can be concentrated in a few words. The Bible is wonderful in this respect. The finest picture of a united house, a united nation, a united world, is found in these few words.

Please notice the far-reaching significance of the union here spoken of. It is a union of nationalities; "where there cannot be Greek nor Jew." The Greek and the Jew represented a distinction and distinctiveness so radical that one would scarcely believe it possible they could be united. They differed in race, customs, tendencies, ideals and language. When society is united in a genuine brotherhood of man, there cannot be Jew nor Greek.

"There cannot be circumcision or uncircumcision." Here we have the antipodes of ritualistic distinction. This alludes to the divisions existing among men on account of religious training and ancestry. Over such matters of religious form and ceremony battles have been fought, the map of the world has been changed, and inhumanities have been

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practiced in the name of righteousness. How bitter the strife has been over the meaning of sacraments, vows, forms, ceremonials. And yet we have in the picture before us, a union so complete that there cannot longer be differences between the circumcision and the uncircumcision.

The Barbarian and the Scythian are included in the bonds of this perfect brotherhood. The Barbarian was the foreigner, the Scythian was the savage. Refinement and lack of refinement are distinctions which will not obtrude when Lincoln's dream has been realized.

Finally, "there cannot be bondmen or freemen." That is to say, social distinctions are to be abolished. There is to be a leveling up, and not a leveling down.

What a magnificent picture of an ideal state of society! Is this not the very goal which the world is seeking? "The brotherhood of man." How much we hear about it. It is discussed in the forum and from the pulpit. The poetry, the music, the art, the literature of the age pulsate with Brotherhood! Brotherhood! Brotherhood! Ah, friends, this was Lincoln's dream. It is my dream;

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I hope, your dream. But, the task is unfinished. The "house is still divided against itself," while we pray for the coming of the day when this union of mankind shall be an established fact. Fellow countrymen, I hold before you the vision of the completed task. I would impress upon your minds the thought that Abraham Lincoln was a prophet of better days, and that his spirit stands just yonder within the shadow calling us to finish the task which he so nobly undertook.

Must you be reminded that this is a stupendous task—a task far beyond human power to accomplish? Surely every thoughtful person will exclaim with one of old, "Who then is sufficient for these things?"

In the words which we are considering is given not only the scope of the ideal Brotherhood, but the process by which it is to be attained. The foundation for such a union is a kindred spirit, shared by all. "Christ is all, and in all."

How simple, how easily within reach is the goal for which men have been struggling throughout the centuries. The

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Brotherhood of man is at our very door. When we truly open our hearts to the Elder Brother we shall find ourselves in the bosom of a vast family.

Think of the spectacle of wasted energy and evaporating idealism! We are striving with every endeavor to promote a civilization which shall include all men in its beneficence. Volumes have been written suggesting short cuts to the fulfillment of Lincoln's dream, the completion of Lincoln's task: books on economics; books on sociology; books on law and ethics; books on theology and benevolence. Think of the organizations that have co-operated in the endeavor. Organizations for relief, for prevention, for social service, for human betterment, for political reforms, for civic righteousness. The while Jesus is standing at the door, declaring that He it is who is the light of the world; that He is the Savior of men; that if we will but receive Him, He will make us new creatures, and the world a new world. Angels weep that men should graze the gates of Paradise, and then drive on to destruction! Oh, for more men with the spirit of Abraham Lincoln; their

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vision clear as to the goal before them; their hearts sweetened by the very bitterness of life; their eyes made tender and cleansed of all misjudgment by tears of earnest yearning and human sympathy. Men of America, women of America, I call upon you to take up the task which our immortal President laid down. I call upon you to rally to that challenge of Gettysburg; to make yourselves worthy of the ancestry of which you boast; to pass on to succeeding generations your vision unclouded, your ideals, undimmed.

“When Christ shall be all in all,” there will be no differences. There can be no “house divided against itself” where Jesus reigns supreme in the hearts of those who make up the household. Therefore, bring the world to Christ.

Perhaps you think this an idle dream, but, I for one, am fully persuaded that the dream can be realized within a single generation; yea, less than that, if we will allow Christ to enter our hearts in reality, if we will preach Him as the Savior of the world. The mind is skeptical, but the heart believeth.

Those of you who have read “Helen’s

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Babies," will recall a story which the uncle tells to his little nephew, Budge. "During the Civil War in America, two troops of horsemen approached each other, the one from the Federal, and the other from the Confederate lines. Instantly aware of each other's presence, both made a charge. But a little fellow who had been picking blackberries in the woods, at the critical moment crossed the road, stumbled and fell between the advancing soldiers, and burst out crying. An officer cried "Halt!" The bugles sounded. Every horse stopped. A soldier dismounted, and, picking up the boy, endeavored to comfort him. Then a soldier from the other side came forward to lend a hand. Others gathered around the crying child. And they never fought the battle, for, said they, "We did not feel like fighting just then." I am not prepared to say that this is authentic history. But, is it not a perfect picture of human nature? There are instincts, continually being awakened in our hearts, which indicate how ready we are to bury animosities and become brethren in a common sense.

UNFINISHED TASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Everywhere, the march of events is toward Lincoln's goal. The world is moving upward and onward. America is moving outward and forward. In some respects we are setting the pace. Certainly we are proving theories. Our country is a melting pot. Our cities are the world's laboratories where experiments are tried and hopes demonstrated. When Europe declares co-operation and good will unworkable among people of differing race and creed, who live at close quarters, we point to New York wherein there are more Irish than in Belfast, Dublin or Cork; more Germans than in Leipzig or Frankfort; more Italians than in Rome; more Jews than the entire population of Maine. It has been estimated that if the land in Greater New York were allotted equally and every inhabitant called upon to stand in the center of his own little plot, there would be less than fifteen feet between any one and his neighbor. There's proximity for you! And yet we manage to dwell together in reasonable peace and good will. From which we conclude that the hope of St. Paul, the prayer of Jesus,

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and the dream of Abraham Lincoln are well within the realm of possibility.

One question remains to be answered. In the nature of the case it must be very personal. What kind of Americans are we? Are we the Fourth of July type, whose patriotism explodes in voluble boasting, or are we the Lincoln type, with clear ideals and consecrated to a great and splendid program? Fellow Americans, the centuries look down upon us and the nations look up to us. I challenge you to light your torches at Lincoln's altar fire and dedicate your lives to the completion of Lincoln's task.

**CAN WE AFFORD THE
MILLENNIUM ?**

“But Jesus answered, how hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter the Kingdom of God! It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle.”

—MARK 10:24, 25

CAN WE AFFORD THE MILLENNIUM?

“Can we afford the millennium?” Is a question editorially asked in a great daily. Few fail to see the advantage of ideal social conditions. The difficulty is they come high. Numberless attempts have been made to create the millennium by ballot. But, as usually transpires, the first to cry out in protest are those who had been enthusiastic for the new order. The experience of a great and progressive western state illustrates this. A program of much needed reform was put through by the voters. The state was to subsidize the home. Poverty should no longer separate children from their parents. All school teachers must be pensioned. The aged shall receive an annual income from the state. Union wages shall be paid for all work done in prisons. Such were some of the planks in the platform. Then came the pinch,

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for taxes went soaring; and the protest arose upon every side; "We can't afford it."

The problem of social reform narrows itself down to a single question: Is the reformer ready to pay his share for the millennium? Are we prepared to sacrifice personal inconvenience in the interest of the universal good? Sinners do not delay the millennium half so much as some good people.

A few years ago, there was great rejoicing among a certain class of New Yorkers. The hard fought election had swept a reform candidate into office. The election of Mayor Strong was universally regarded a great victory for the forces of righteousness. The first move of the new administration was, not for new laws, but the enforcement of those already upon the statute books. One of these laws, drafted in the interest of better fire protection, fixed a limit to the distance a sign was to protrude above the sidewalk. Among those who were inconvenienced by the enforcement of this law, was an ardent reformer, a retail merchant, who was asked to reduce the size of an illuminated shoe.

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Enthusiasm gave way to indignation as he protested "That's the last reform ticket I'll ever vote."

Another law prohibited any one from leaving a wagon standing upon the sidewalk, when not in use. In the interest of public safety and comfort this law was enforced. This inconvenienced another reformer who gave vent to his spleen in the words, "You can always trust a reform administration to do fool things."

Still another, a merchant, whose store was located in the red light district, complained bitterly because his business had fallen off as a result of closing evil resorts in the neighborhood.

These were all good church people who prayed "Thy kingdom come," but they were quite unwilling to pay for it even to the small extent of personal inconvenience. Similar observations could be made regarding more recent plans for social betterment. We are reformers so long as the other man does the reforming. So, it seems altogether proper to ask the question: Can we afford the millennium?

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When Jesus said, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God" there was local setting (now wanting) to lend clearness to the application. We are not to regard this as a condemnation of wealth. It is rather the statement of a fact, involving rich and poor alike. The needle's eye was a small gate within a larger, more cumbersome gate. Let us imagine a camel has been brought loaded, to the portal of an enclosure. Not wishing to open the large gate the driver commands the camel to kneel with his head toward the gate. The pack is removed from the dromedary's back, the small gate is opened and he crawls through the small opening upon his knees. All classes of men, all nations, must do considerable kneeling and unloading; selfishness, hatred and the like must be removed before they are able to enter the kingdom.

A splendid illustration of what, as it seems to me, was in the mind of Jesus, is this incident: "Daniel Dow and Hans Ruser are 'alien enemies.' They are, moreover, officers of the Naval Reserve of their

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respective countries. One is captain of the Lusitania, the other of the Vaterland, the 'crack' ships of the rival lines. When Captain Dow, some weeks since, heard of a rumor that British ships were signaling offensive messages to the Vaterland, he happened to be dining with Captain Ruser and his wife.

" 'I told him what I had heard,' said Captain Dow, 'and he smiled.' ' "Friend Hans," ' I said, ' "we will do something to give this report the lie when I sail on Wednesday morning for Liverpool. You have your crew on deck aft with the quartermaster standing by the ensign when I go out, and I will look out for the ship."

" 'As the Lusitania passed the Vaterland I dipped the ensign to the German liner and Captain Ruser dipped his in return.' "

One can scarcely imagine a more difficult exemplification of the spirit of the Master's teaching. That two men of such prominence could unload and kneel, when general feeling is so tense, is certainly a hopeful sign, to say the least. Imagine the effect, if any considerable number

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of the world's contending factions became imbued with a like spirit.

Under the transforming touch of a new journalism a number of editors have become mighty preachers. Here is a recent editorial sermon on the responsibility of the individual for conditions: "We get as tired of politics as does everybody else in the United States who is not professionally engaged in that vocation. Politics consists mainly in telling you that you personally are all right and that your troubles arise from various things outside of you—such as a money trust, a tariff, a banking system.

"Examine that proposition candidly in the light of your own experience. Look at your own life and at the lives of all the people you know well. Is not nearly all the trouble in the field of your experience due to faults of the individual on which you can lay your finger?

"The most useful person in the United States to-day would be a *true evangelist* with the popular power of Roosevelt, Bryan and Wilson—a fine, craggy, person, who would stand up before us and say convincingly that we *personally* are

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very faulty, and that we need not bother much about anything else until we get *ourselves right*."

The world has been upon the threshold of the millennium more than once, delaying to enter because of the personal cost. "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God," said Jesus to the scribe; but, he would not sacrifice his prejudice and race hatred to enter. "Repent for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," cried John; and his generation turned away in disappointment and disgust.

How long is the human race to continue wandering about as did Israel, with Canaan hard by? The journey from Egypt to Palestine was quite short. Five or six days of continuous marching would have brought the Jews into the promised land. Yet it took them forty years to arrive. Why? They were not ready to pay the cost.

I rejoice to believe that an entirely new and better social order is soon to emerge from the darkness that envelops the world. It is too early, in the half light of dawn, for one to read the face of the clock, but instinctively and quite

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generally, we feel that a day of peace, prosperity and co-operation is back of the eastern hills. Just now we are in that enchanted realm, half way between the bustling land of wide awake and the silent country of fast asleep. Since discoverers, inventors, architects, poets and musicians have returned from this land of visions and dreams, with blessings which wondrously enriched the world, we can not think it possible that the idealist is to be less fortunate.

“If all the ships I have at sea,
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Weighed down with treasures manifold,
With knowledge, power and wealth untold,
Ah, me, the poorest man I'd be
Did not my dream ship come to me.

“O, skies, be kind; O, winds, blow free;
Bring all my vessels back to me.
But, if thou sendest some a wrack
To never more come sailing back,
Let this one prayer accepted be!
Oh, bring my dream ship back to me.”

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